Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approch, Ghoſts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and flouds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aie conſort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe: I am ſeard in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one. *Enter Lyſander.*

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Deme. Lyſander, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doſt thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.

Deme. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, wee'l try no manhood here. *Exeunt.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calles, then hee's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flie;
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

De. Nay then thou mockſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deare,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approch looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, ô long and tedious night,

 Abate